FROWNS AND TEARS.

Before the days of clock in hall,
Or watch in pocket or on wall,
The ancients told the time of day
Cy measurements of sun and shade,
Just as you do you froward jade,
Who can be everything but gay.
They set up in a public place
A dial with a painted face,
Whereon a figure, like your nose,
Or like your threatening anger, rose;
And, when the sun went up and down,
Pointed the hours, as you do now,
With sullen humors on your brow—
For every hour a different frown!

When the sun set, or hid his light
In cloudy days, and in the night
They told the time another way.
By water, which from vessels dropped,
Till they were emptied, when it stopped.
And this they called the clepsydra.
You use the same old measure yet.
For evermore your eyes are wet,
You leaky creature, old and sour,
Whose life is a perpetual shower!
Strong should he be, and in his prime,
To whom, as wife, you measure time,
How he can tell, with you in sight,
Whether it be the day or night,
Has puzzled me, I own, for years,
Your peevish tempers change so soon:
Your frown, as now, proclaims it noon,
And now 'tis midnight—by your tears!
—[R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine.

MADOLINES FATE.

BY K. T.

CHAPTER I.

Spring had clothed itself in its fairest colors. Deep in the woods the purple of the odorous violets covered the soft moss, and the yellow daffodils nodded a welcome to the primroses that were just opening their buds in the dewy shelter of their green leaves.

"It is as if all nature had awakened to new life," Madoline Clide thought, as she stood in the shadow of an old rustic mill, listening to the ripple of the stream. "How happy it makes one feel!"

Happy, indeed, she looked, with her bright eyes reflecting the sunny warmth of the cloudless sky, her soft lips parted to inhale the fresh warm breeze that came to her laden with forest fragance.

Simply dressed in some light grey fabric, and pleated bodice confined at the waist by a pale blue ribbon, and bows of the same trimming her straw hat, dainty she looked withal, and graceful as a harebell, as she leaned over the stream, with the breeze fluttering the golden curls around her face, and setting everything about her in delicate motion.

"This dear old mill!" she murmured, glancing lovingly up from the flowing water to the broken moss covered beams. "How I love it! As if it would not be like destroying some living thing to pull it down. Why, the spirit of that great solemn wheel would haunt the spot for ever!"

She smiled at her thoughts, and then a look of startled wonder came into her eyes, and she held her breath in frightened listening.

"I heard something," she exclaimed inwardly—"something that sounded like a moan. Could it have been fancy?—the wind? No. Again!"

Her face grew pale, and she shrank from out the shadow of the creaking shafts with a deep awe in her heart.

Was the mill haunted? She had heard some talk to this effect in her childish days; was there truth in the rumor? Once more the sound came faintly to her, and she looked on the sunny scene around her, the fear that had made her heart beat with redoubled force gradually spent itself in a long deep breath, and practical sense returned to her.

"Somebody must be there—in pain," was the next conclusion she came to. "I wonder if I had better call for help, or go up first, and discover what is really the matter?"

She decided on this last course, and without a moment's pause, she climbed the rickety old ladder, and entered the disused mill.

The light streaming in through the narrow openings, where once the windows had been, showed up the ruined disorder of the place, the crumbling walls with the ivy creeping through every crevice, and the white dust which lay thickly upon the floor.

Madoline saw nothing of these. Her gaze was fixed on the form of a man lying on some straw in the darkest corner, and her mute lips seemed to ask a silent question as she moved to his side and bent over him.

"I have met with an accident," the man gasped, framing each syllable with difficulty. "I crept in here last night. I thought I must die before any one came to me."

The words ended in a moan of pain, and a second look at the white prostrate face warned Madoline that the stranger was on the point of swooning.

A wooden cup lay on one of the mouldering shelves. She snatched it up hastily, and descending the rickerty staircase, she plunged the bowl into the stream, and letting it fill to the brim, once more hurried breathlessly up the stairs.

It was but the work of an instant to kneel down and raise the stranger's head, to hold the refreshing draught to his parched lips.

"Drink," she said gently; "the cool water will revive you, and you will be able to tell me what I can do to serve you."

He drank eagerly, gratefully, and then his head sank on to the straw, and his eyes closed.

With quick thought, Madoline poured the remainder of the water over her handkerchief, and bathed his brow and his hands.

A thrill of horror ran through her as she saw the stain of blood upon his wrist, and the heavy dampness with which his sleeve clung to his arm showed her that he was wounded.

"What has happened?" she asked in a low pitiful voice. "You are hurt—much hurt. I must leave you while I go for help. You will not mind being alone for a few moments? I will bring back somebody who will be of greater use."

He slowly moved his head, and raising his lids with an effort, he turned his dark eyes earnestly on her pale face.

"I am better," he muttered. "I shall soon be well enough to help myself. Do not send anyone to me; I do not wish my presence here known."

"But why not?" Madoline asked, full of anxiety on his account. "You must have suffered enough all through the night; you cannot refuse the help you so greatly need. For your own sake I must disobey you; I must warn somebody at the farm of your danger."

The man moved his head restlessly, and a look of more than bodily pain came over his face.

"A moment ago I thought you seemed willing to assist me," he murmured faintly.

"I am more than willing to do whatever is best for you," she answered with some perplexity. "Do you not trust me?"

He gave her a long steady look.

"Can I give you a surer proof than by asking this favor of you? I do not wish it known that I am here. I have my reasons for concealment; and desperate reasons they are, too," he added, with a touch of bitterness. "Can you put sufficient faith in me to take my word for truth? The motive which compels me to secrecy is no guilty one; I am innocent of any crime—of any wrong-doing towards my fellow men. If you will let this be my refuge until I have strength to crawl away, you will be doing the greatest charity one human being can do another; and the day may come when you will look back with thankfulness to the time when you rendered, blindly, this service to a stranger."

In his exhausted condition, the effort to frame this speech was almost too much for him. He lay back breathing heavily, his breast rising and falling painfully, his gaze resting on her with eager suspense.

Madoline watched him with a nameless dread and uncertainty in her heart.

What, if through bending to this mystery she should bring harm to him? What if he should die? Would not his death be at her door, since she had kept his danger secret from those who might have saved him?

He mistook her silence. A deeper pain came up from the depths of his soul.

"I have asked too much," he said huskily; "I had no right to expect anything from you. Go, if you will, and tell the owner of the mill I am here—but I shall not be found. The moment you have left me for that purpose, I shall go, even though the effort cost me my last breath."

He tried to raise himself, clutching one of the projecting beams to support his bruised frame. He succeeded in dragging himself to his feet, and then sank on the nearest bench, and leaned against the rough wooden wall.

Madoline stretched out her hands involuntarily, as though to give him aid.

"Rest here in peace, she murmured, eager to dispel his fears; "not for the world would I drive you to further harm. I will keep silent as you wish."

"Thank you," he said slowly; "you are doing more for me than you can dream of."

The cloud had passed away from his face, and he gazed at her with the deep voiceless relief of the condemned released while standing on the scaffold awaiting death.

Madoline went closer, and touched his wounded arm, a great compassion shining in her eyes.

"Will you not let me see how you are hurt?" she asked gently; "perhaps I can do something to ease the pain of your arm."

A haggard smile flitted across his pale features.

"Pain!" he echoed, half cynically, "I had not thought of that; yet you have advised well. The sight of this ugly stain must have been enough to startle you away from me. I will wash it off."

He tore open his sleeve with utter recklessness of the agony the movement cost him, and Madoline saw that his arm was terribly bruised and lacerated, as though it had been crushed by a blow from some heavy substance.

"Let me," she said, softly turning back the rent sleeve; "you are not gentle enough with yourself."

"You think so!" he laughed, looking with pleasure into her sweet downcast face; "the temptation is great to leave myself in your hands. But no," he exclaimed, quickly covering the wound; "you are shuddering; and how pale you have grown! I can not allow you to try your nerves to such an extent."

"Indeed I do not mind," Madoline assured him. "You are hurting yourself again. Be patient, and I will bind the wound that it may heal the quicker."

If a feeling of faintness had come over her at first sight of his injury, it was quite dispelled now, and she was ready to do what she felt was necessary to hasten his recovery.

Her first thought was to get a fresh supply of water, and then she knelt down, and bathing the place, carefully bound it with her handerchief.

"You have borne it well," she said, rising with a white face, after she had softly adjusted the last fold. "I have suffered so much in performing the task, that I dare not think what it must have been for you to endure."

"Not much," he answered, careful not to let her see the operation had cost him one twinge of pain; "if it could always win me such gentle treatment, I could court accident for the mere delight of feeling that I had such sweet sympathy. I think you must be a fairy doctor. Already I feel so much better that I have almost forgotten why I am here."

There was a slight pause and a bitter sounding sigh before the last sentence was uttered; and as she rose from her kneeling posture, Madoline was recalled to the remembrance of the mystery surrounding him.

"I wish I knew your trouble," she said, looking at him as though she would read his history in his face. "Have you no friend—no one who would care to have news of you—who would come to you?"

"None. It is better so."

"But since you are ill?"

"I am strong. This weakness will not long keep me prisoner."

Something in the last word struck strangely on the girl's ear—a reluctant bitterness of tone, as if he would have checked back an utterance that foreshadowed a painful memory.

"Prisoner!" she murmured, her eyes growing very tender under their dark lashes. "Must you stay here in this miserable ruin on that bed of straw?"

The cloud once more settled on his brow, and his gaze, as he turned away from her, seemed to burn with a fiercer light.

Wild Ride of a Female Tramp.

One night last week the crew of a freight-train found that they had picked up one passenger they had not counted on, and whose presence was not suspected until a good many miles had been covered. One of the brakemen thought he saw some one standing on top of the cars at one point, but it was raining and blowing terribly and he came to the conclusion that his eyes had deceived him. A half an hour after he again saw a figure on the top of the train and this time went to investigate, but found no one, and returned to the cab of the engine to escape the storm. At the first tank where they stop to take water a search was made for tramps but in vain, and the brakeman concluded that his eyesight must be failing. As the train pulled into Medicine Bow, however, some one in the yards saw a woman sitting on one of the heavy pieces of wood just above the coupler holding on to the brake-rod that goes up the end of the car to the wheel at the top and there she was found by the conductor and his crew, half drowned by the rain that had been falling in torrents and chilled nearly to death by the awful wind that had been blowing so hard as to delay the train an hour behind its usual time. The poor creature had got on at one of the small stations west of Laramie, and being afraid to ride under the cars on the truck, had selected a place equally as dangerous, from which she crept out occasionally during the heavier periods of the storm to rest herself, when she was seen by the brakeman. Whenever she thought any one was coming she returned to her perilous place over the coupler and in this way managed to get along until she was discovered at the station.

She was a woman of not over 30 years of age and beyond a doubt respectable. She said she was going to Washington Territory and had no other way of getting there, but had always been able to hide in more comfortable and safer quarters until she struck this division. A generous stockman, who heard her story and found that she was stranded and penniless paid her way to Rawlins and furnished means to secure her passage and something to eat from there to her destination.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

He Prayed After That.

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder why I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "One time I was coming down a long ladder from a high roof, and found your little boy standing beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up into my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly: "Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?" and before I had time to answer, he said: "Oh, I know why you are not afraid; you said your prayers this morning before you began work!" I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this."—*Chicago Living Church.*

Some of the new silver bells imported are studded with Roman pearls and a Latin motto on the clasp.

FOR THE LADIES.

Gen. Grant's Daughter.

The deep affection called forth by Gen. Grant's great qualities in the hearts of his countrymen has naturally caused his children to become objects of sincere interest to the American nation. The famous ex-president's only and idolized daughter has, above all, been regarded with kindly sympathy. I have lately read some interesting particulars respecting Mrs. Sartoris, writes Lucy Hooper to the Philadelphia Telegraph, and I deem it no infringement of her domestic privacy, in view of the unfortunate publicity that her matrimonial affairs (through no fault of her own, most assuredly) have already attained, to give them to the world. That her marriage has been a most ill-starred one as regards the character and the habits of her English husband no one can for one instant deny. But what is, I think, less known, and what deserves to be widely known, is the courage and strength of character that Mrs. Sartoris has of late years displayed under most trying circumstances. Her marriage was one of passionate affection on her side, at least. Her attachment to her foreign wooer was proof against all the advice and the warnings of her family and her friends. She has accepted the consequences of her act with a courageous dignity that is beyond all praise. Were she to leave her husband and to insist upon a legal separation, as it was at one time widely reported that she was about to do, he could by the laws of England take from her her children, and Mrs. Sartoris is too tender a mother to contemplate for a moment such a contingency. She is much beloved by her father-in-law, who is very fond and proud of her eldest son, a fine boy, who has just been sent to a public school. She has a house in London this year for the season, entertains her American friends, and assumes the position as head of her own household, which Mr. Sartoris ought to take and which she takes in his stead. Her beauty has matured and ripened into an added brilliancy; but, handsome, admired, and most wofully wedded as she is, no charge, even of coquetry or flirtatiousness, has been brought against her. Such is the true position of a much-talked-about state of affairs.

An Apparition.

The late Mrs. Andrew Joyner, of Halifax, was one of the most intelligent, deeply pious Christian women to be found in any land or age. She was the daughter of the celebrated Wiley Jones, of Halifax town, of revolutionary fame. Mrs. Joyner's first husband was Gov. H. G. Burton, a native of Granville county, but who resided at Rocky Hill, some two or three miles from the hamlet of Ringwood. A long winding hill leads up to the residence, which is pitched on a lofty eminence. Gov. Burton was in western Carolina digging gold. He had been from home several months. His wife and eldest daughter, Mrs. James M. Williams, were in a heavy, close carriage returning to Rocky Hill from a visit. Mrs. Burton looked out of the window and to her gratification and surprise, discovered her husband some fifty yards or more distant approaching on horseback. He was clad in his usual farming suit. Mrs. B—said to the driver: "Jacob, is not that your master coming down the hill?" The negro replied affirmatively. On went the carriage slowly but no rider appeared. Mrs. B—looked out and failing to see the governor asked Jacob if he saw him. The reply was that he had seen him, but he was gone. Upon reaching the house the anxious wife looked at the clock and noted the time of day and felt assured that evil tidings would come. The mails were slow and it took nearly a fortnight for a letter to reach Halifax from the county in the mountains. At last a letter came and announced the death of the excellent husband, who had rendered distinguished service to the state. His death had occurred at the precise hour when the wife and servant saw him plainly with bodily eyes.—*Wilmington, (N. C.) Star.*

Queen Victoria's Needle.

A remarkable needle is owned by Queen Victoria. Indeed, it is likely that there is no other needle so wonderful in the whole world. It represents the column of Trajan in minature. This Roman column is adorned with many scenes in sculpture which tell of the heroic deeds of the Emperor Trajan. On the little needle are pictured scenes from the life of Queen Victoria, but the pictures are so small that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass in order to see them. The needle can be opened. It contains a number of needles of smaller size, which also contain microscopic pictures.

Home Knowledge.

Egg Cheesecakes. — Twelve eggs, boiled hard and rubbed through a sieve (while hot), with half a pound of butter, then add half a pound of loaf sugar, half a pound of currants, and a little nutmeg.

Potato Pone.—Wash, peal, and grate two pounds of potatoes; add four ounces each of sugar and butter (or beef dripping) melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper; mix well together; place it in a baking-dish, and put it into a brisk oven until it is done, and become nicely browned.

To mix table mustard.—Get good mustard. Two or three hours before you want to use, mix it with lukewarm water, stir till about the consistency of thick cream, cover up until wanted for the table—then use vinegar to thin it. If this rule is strictly adhered to, the mustard will never turn black, nor will the vinegar rise to the top.

Rabbit Soup.—Cut one or two rabbits into joints; lay them for an hour into cold water; dry and fry them in butter until about half done, with four or five onions and a middling-sized head of celery cut small; add to this three quarts of cold water, one pound of split peas, some pepper and salt; let it stew gently for four or five hours, then strain and serve it.

French Mashed Potatoes.—After well boiling some potatoes in their jackets, peel and mash them with a fork; put them into a stew-pan with some butter and salt, moisten them with fresh cream, and let them grow dry while stirring them over the fire; add more cream, and so continue for nearly an hour; dish them, and brown them on the top with a salamander. Serve directly.

Dining-room Curtains.—It is sometimes hard to know just what to put at the windows in a dining-room; shades make the room too dark, and much drapery has the same bad effect. For this purpose one satisfactory way is to get two breadths of dotted white muslin for each window, make box-pleats at the top, have the muslin about three-quarters of a yard deep, and let it hang loosely at the bottom. They look very pretty from the street, and there is no objection to them in the house.

To Cure Warts.—It is now fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often proliferous on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate magnesia taken internally. M. Colrat of Lyons has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were promptly cured. M. Aubers cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences, and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.

Fashion Notes.

The opera hat has gone to the limbo of forgotten things.

Pointed shoes are utterly tabooed both by men and women.

Rough-and-ready straw hats and bonnets are in high favor.

The old-fashioned sandal is re-established in favor for ladies' wear.

Shirred mull muslin bonnets come up among other summer millinery novelties.

Basques remain short, with high darts, giving the appearance of a long, slender waist.

There are no velvet panels to be found on the newest dresses. The rich material is still used, however, for collars and plastrons.

The tailors find gilt braid does not tarnish as rapidly as that of silver, and they also commend the copper red braids for seaside dresses.

A comfortable toilet for hot days has the skirt, sleeves, and plastrons of ecru open etamine, striped or plaid, with polonaise of cream veiling.

A novelty in summer dress material is batiste in quaint Japanese designs, like hieroglyphics, in cactus-red on ecru grounds, or in grayish Japan-blue on white.

The pompadour designs of flowers in stripes or at intervals over the surface are in great favor for the dark India silk dresses worn in the morning or all day in the country.

A new fabric, known as Neapolitan gauze, has come into the market. One may find it in all the lighter colors—Nile green, salmon, ciel blue, pale lilac, primrose—as you fancy.

Silk hats are now as much in favor in summer as in winter for dressy wear. This is "English." Even the prince of Wales has never been able to popularize the high white hat.

Dresses of white wool, India silk, and lace are prepared for the summer sojourn at the watering places, at the seaside and mountains alike, as these fabrics are not injured by dampness.

Bright yellow is discovered to be a rarely becoming color for the lining of a black, dark brown, or dark green parasol; but pale blondes had better not attempt to carry the theory into practice.

Black lace dresses are in great favor with the waist and lower skirt made of strips of satin surah alternating with insertions of French lace, and an overskirt drapery of piece lace edged with trimming lace.

The Algerian striped shawls are still in vogue with their bourette rough threads of fine wool and soft silk, to which are added some tinsel stripes of silver or of gilt on cream white, scarlet, black, rose, or French blue.